

The music was loud on the cement flat and chromlech streets of Japan.

"Suupu Suupu!"

"Hungy man!"

Blared from the boom box.

It was spring and I Norman had the best year ahead of me.

Japan was a place where thousands of new faces were migrating.

Soup kitchens lined the streets and vendors of Rabbit, Venison, Soups of all varieties were available.

It was the best!

Karaoke was almost as live as the scenery in the background.

Everyone was sining.

"Fight for me Chineese Warrior!"

"Hundreds of men from outer spce set Chine free!"

Some times the Karaoke was terrible.

I walked around and I bought four pounds of Noodles of different sizes and texture.

I grabbed some flavor packets and Seasoning.

I was shopping in a hurry.

I did not want to lose the place I had in the affordable section of the local hotels available.

When I was approached by a small Koream man who asked me to sing Karaoke.

I was not offended by this since Karaoke was silly and a free art form.

I looked at the vendor station with the karaoke and I was a small wooden stage with a microphone a music player and a stage.

"Hello, Everyone I am Norman wade!"

The music started palying.

"Chinese Suupu, I have for you!."

"I know you like my nissin soup!"

"C'mon Honey buy some soup."

"Eat My Nissin good for you!"

The music continued.

"Have some healthy Korean food,"

"Just like me I have some too!"

A small crownd gathered I guess I wasn't too bad.

They thanked me and gave me some money.

Karaoke in Japan was a very fun Experience I will never forget it.

When I think about it now. I always laugh